

Unidentified songbook - two copies
from Binder 13

Author/compiler: unknown

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: Typescript and carbon copy on onionskin paper.

No cover/title page

Total 18 pages (hand numbered)

Korea

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go ~~top~~ round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So let's HAVE A PARTY!

Beginning of song
same name, p 8

PUSAN "U"
(SIOUX CITY SUE)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stopped into a local bar
To pass the time away,
I met a girl who said: "Howdeede?"
She hailed from old Chinju.
I asked her what her school was,
She said: "O Pusan U".

Chorus:

O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
The finest school in all the land.
The University that is grand!
O Pusan U, O Pusan U!
I hail my Alma Mater!
O Pusan U, to You!

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pak Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets,
So they named it Pusan U.
The smell it was terrific,
But I struggled through,
So now I lift this glass
To the shcool of Pusan U.

Chorus:

I saw a girl most beautiful,
She was a sight to view,
She won a Beauty Contest,
And was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too.
When asked to what she owes her fame,
She says: "O Pusan U"

Chorus:

O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
Your coruse is good for engineers:
A-frames, ox-carts pulled by steers.
O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
I hail my Alma Mater,
To you, O Pusan U!

FLAK SHOWERS
(APRIL SHOWERS TUNE)

Although flak showers may come your way
 They bring the panic that makes you say,
 My fuel is Josephine
 I'm going home!
 So if you want to stay and fight
 You may stay and fight alone.

I've added power;
 I'm on my way.
 I'll live to come back another day.
 So, keep on strafing that position
 And knock it out for me.
 I'm just a close supportér can't you see.

BIG GREY RAT ✓

Oh the moonlight shone on the bar room floor
 The Bar had closed for the night
 When out of the corner came a big grey rat
 Sat in the pale moonlight - Moonlight
 He lapped up the licquor on the bar room floor.

Back on his haunches he sat
 And to that empty room he said
 Bring on your god damn cat
 Hic-cat-hic-cat, bring on your god damn cat.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings, till I got the goddamn things
 Now I don't want them any more
 They towught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die.
 I've had a belly-full of war.
 You can save those zeros for the goddamned heroes
 For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses
 I wanted wings, till I got the goddamed things
 Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
 I've no desire to be burned
 Air combat spelled romance, but it made not my pants.
 I'm not a fighter, I have learned.
 You can save those mitsubishis for the other sons of bi-----
 Cause I'd rather l-- a woman than be shot down in a grumman
 I wanted wings.....

I WANTED WINGS(Cont'd)

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager, not for me.
I don't trust my luck to be packed up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh, I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat-top
With my hand around a bottle, and not a goddamned throttle,
I wanted wings.....

I don't want a tour, over Berlin or the Ruhre.
Flak always makes me part my lunch
How can I be gay, when they holler "Bombs Away"?
I'd rather be home ~~fff~~ with the bunch.
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
That's when someone shoots you a-- off
And I'd rather come home buster, with my a-- than with a cluster
I wanted wings.....

I'm too old to learn new tricks, in A B dash two crash six
Blazing a path for Patten's tanks
My wife don't want insurance, and I'm not out of endurance
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs
Oh, in England it was blitzes, and in France it's nesser-schmitzes
And I feel like such a sucker, when my ~~affleff~~ a-- hole starts
to Pucker. I wanted wings.....

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated milk and eggs and ~~fff~~ stew
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating sex
On that day I'll tell the chach I'm through
For I really love my Humpin' and I like to do my p-----
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with hunks of powder
I wanted wings.....

That day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke to calm my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't go a one
I simply cannot fly without a butt
Oh, the home front may be pitchin', but we still can do our b-----
Till we find some real sharp cookie, who can mass-produce some nookie
I wanted wings.....

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same
Oh we'll always call you (any old dirty major)
Isn't that a bloody shame.

To the days at dear old Chitose
Only now we have to laugh
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can shove them up your a--.

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all--Bless them all
The neede the airspeed the ball
Bless all the instrudtors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet
Should stall - Your due for one hell of a fall.

No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads - Bless them all

Bless them all--Bless the all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants the sour puss ones
Bless all the corporals and their dopy sons
Cause we're saying goo-bye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here bless them all.

ZIGA ZIGA ZOOMBA

Chorus:

Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba, zoomba
Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba zay
Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba zoomba
Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba zoy
Ziga ziga zoomba zoomba zigazi
Oh mow them down you zwazi warriors
Oh mow them you zulu chiefs, chiefs, chiefs.

Chorus

(Progressively faster)

M

SHE'S MORE TO BE PITIED

She's more to be pitied than censured,
She's more to be helped than despised.
She's only a lassie who ventured,
Down life's stromy path ill-advised.

Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter.
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a monent just stop and consider,
A flyboy was the cause of it all.

SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bon Chong way,
And There I met a Gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothing were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, " Seoul City Sue".

Chorus:

Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, yours eyes are too,
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue.
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

II

Oh, Korea, I must admit,
I owe a lot to you.
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue.
Someday I'll fake her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing,
"Here Comes Seoul City Sue."

"LAST OF THE B-26'S"

A 2nd Lt. went down to the hanger
He had to get in his time
He needed a ship that had two engines
There were 84 on the line.

The B-47's were reserved for the Colonel
The Majors had the F-86's
There was one ship left on the end of the Apron
It was the last of the B-26's.

SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been.
Some of the things that have bothered my mind
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind.

Chorus:

Singing So Long, it's been good to know you
So Long, it's been good to know you
So Long, it's been good to know you
What a long time since I've been home
And I've got to be drifting along.

This story begins when we gathered to brief
We listened to the words of our red-headed chief
He said, "Listen her men and I'll give you the score
About what is the way with the F-84."

We turned on the runway and started to roll,
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal.
The JATO was heavy, My God it was thick,
So I went on the gages and yanked on the stick.

We flew up to Sunan and dodged all the flak,
I called my leader, "OH, please take me back,
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds".
But instead of turning he uttered these words:

We then went to Sukchen and glide bombed the rails
We broke to the right with the flak on our tails.
We rendezvoused high with the Migs in the sun,
And I thought to myself we should give her the gun.

When we circled to join-up it was a great race,
The Migs would soon be there and give us a chase.
Number four man's five-hundreds were still tightly hung,
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.

I called my leader, "I'm way low on fuel,
If you'll turn around quick I can get back to Seoul".
Just then he shouted, "ThereMigs on the lead
So we'll break to the left and we'll get up some speed".

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar.
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out,
And over the RTI/ I started to shout:

Buddies, So Long, It's been good to know you,
So Long, it's been good to know you,
So Long, it's been good to know you,
But there's not much that I can say
For it looks like I've auggered today.

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town.
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down.
I've never seen such darkness; the night was black as pitch,
When, suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean.
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey day,
With Lillyn my blackout queen. Da, da, da, da, da,

Oh, I couldn't see her figure: I couldn't see her face,
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place.
I couldn't tell if she were blonde, or a dark brunette,
But, gosh, O gee, did she give me a thrill I won't forget!

Chorus:

She said to me "Oh Yankee, boy, are ya lonesome, are you blue?
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what to do."
We went up some dark alley; I said, "I love you kid."
She said "Okay, but first you pay". So I gave her twenty quid.

Chorus:

She leaned her back against the wall; I took her in my arms.
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom charms.
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat.
It was a shame, she should have been a circus acrobat!

Chorus:

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed.
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice.
Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price!

Chorus:

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer,
And when I went on sick call, the Doc said, "It's quite clear
You've had some love Commando style. Come, Son, now don't be shy.
You're not to blame, tell me her name. "So I answered with a sigh.

Chorus:

And when my children ask me, "Please tell me, Daddy, dear
What did you do to win the war." I'll answer with a sneer,
"Your daddy was a hero; his best he always fought.
With bravery he gave to the Commandos his support."

"YOUR OLD RED BONNET"

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll all go to the Yalu
Now the Eighth may be a' tooling
But we ain't up there a' foolin'
We're a' killin' chinks for you.

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll fight the war for you
You can bet every dollar
The 13th won't hollar
When the flak comes screaming thru

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll do your fighting for you
We do our strafing low level
And we sure raise the devil
That's the Fighting 13th for you.

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll use rockets and napalm
We don't 12 point 5 bomb
We stay till the job is done

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And get off into the blue
Now I've got my missions
End rotation I'm a' wishing
So I'll leave the job to you
I'll see you Jack.

See p. 1 for beginning

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

They're tearing down the bar in our club
Boooooooo
But they're going to build another one
Rayyyyyyyyyy
It'll only be a foot wide
Booooooooooooo
But It'll be a mile long
Rayyyyyyyyy
They're not going to sell beer in our club
Boooooooo
They're going to give it away
Rayyyyyyy
There'll be no bartenders in our club
Booooooooooooo
We're going to have barmaids
Rayyyyyyyyyy
Our barmaids aren't going to wear shorts
Boooooooo
They're not going to wear anything
Rayyyyyyyyyy
You can't make the barmaids in our club
Booooooooooooo
They'll make you
Rayyyyyyyyyy
Only one case of beer
Booooooooooooo
Per man
Rayyyyyyyyyy
No glasses in the club
Booooooooooooo
We'll drink from the bottles
Rayyyyyyyyyyy

RESERVES LAMENT
(Mr & Mrs Mississippi Make Me Feel At Home)

I won't forget Korea,
I can't forget ~~J~~Kunsan,
For Syngman Ree and Stalin,
Have made me feel ~~a~~ t home.

I flew across the bomblind
And got a hole or two,
But all I got is a crock of s---
From you and you and you.

Chorus: Oh I was called to risk my a--
And save the U.N. too,
But all I get is a bunch of s---
From you and you and you.

The AkAk was terrific
The small armw were intense,
While flyboys bombed the front lines,
The division did the rest.

While the regulars held their desk jobs,
e Reserves were called on masse,
r the U.N. knew the Air Reserve
Was the one to save their A--.

Chorus:

I love you, dear old U.S.A.
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn Reserves,
We'd never've had to part.

Butwe want cry and we wan't squawk,
For we are not alone.
For one of these days the Regulars'll come
And we can all go home.

Chorus:

Now we don't mind the hardships;
We've faced them in the past,
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Had han forties up the a--.

We have to fight to save the peace,
That's what the b----- said.
But when you check the casualties,
You'll find no Senators dead.

Chorus:

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through.
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to.

But someday when he grows up,
If he joins the Air Reserve,
I'll kick his a-- from dawn to dusk,
For that's what he'll deserve!

Chorus:

"BACK TO USA JIMA"

I wanta go back to USA Jima
I wanta go back where the white gooks stay.
Where the skies are blue
And the eyes are too.
Back in USA JIMA.

I wanta go back to USA JIMA
I wanta go back where the skies are fair
Where the palnes are big
And there are no Migs.
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back where there is no flak
Where the missions are short
And they all abort.
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back to USA JIMA
I wanta go back where the weathers fine
Where the weather men know
When it's going to snow.
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back to USA JIMA
I wanta go back to the five day week
To the boss I know and the big floor show

E PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl
I ever saw
Was sippung burb
Bon thru a straw
The prettiest girl
I ever saw

REPEAT
"
"
"
"
"

ALL TOGETHER

Was sipping burbon through a straw
And now and then
The straw would slip
And I'd sip burb
Bon through her lips
And now and then ~~the~~/
The straw would slip

Repeat
"
"
"
"
"

ALL TOGETHER

And I'd sip burbon through her lips
And now I've got
A mother-in-law
From sipping burb
n through a straw
And now I've got
A mohter-in-law

REPEAT
"
"
"
"
"

ALL TOGETHER

From sipping burbon through a straw
And fourteen kids
All call me pa
From sipping burb
Bon through a straw
And fourteen kids
All call me pa

REPEAT
"
"
"
"
"

ALL TOGETHER

From sipping burbon through a straw

The moral of
This story dear
Don't sip a burb
Bon sip a beer
The moral of
This story dear

REPEAT
"
"
"
"
"

ALL TO GETHER

I't sip a burbon through a straw.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES ON

I'll give you one oh'
Green grow the rushes oh'
What is your one oh'
One is one and all alone
And never more shall be so.

I'll give you two oh'
Green grow the rushes oh'
What is your two oh'
Two, two, lily white girls
Dressed up all in green high ho
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

I'll geive you three oh'
Green grows the rushes oh'
What is your three oh'
Hay' two tow lily white girls
Dressed up all in green heigh ho
One is one andd alone
And ever more shall be so.

I'll give you four oh'
Four for the gospel maiden
Five for the cymbals at your side

Six for the six white horses
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Eight for the April showers
Nine for the nine deciples
Ten for the ten commandments.

PEACEFUL VALLEY

I was flying through the peaceful valley
With the 88th bursting so near
When I heard a voice within me wisper
(SHOUT) Lets get the hell out of here

BALL GAME

There'll be balls, parties, and banquets
There'll be banquets, parties and balls
Harry S. Truman has said it before
"This is the way to stay out of the war
With balls, parties and banquets,
Banquets, parties, and balls.
There'll be parties and banquets.
And banquets and parties,
And BALLS.....Balls.....BALLS..

"TUMBLING BYRO COPE"

See them tooling along
Engines singing their song
Here in the sky I belong
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope

See them thundering down
Close to the ground they'll be found
Strafing till their last round
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

Chorus: I know when night is done
That we'll be home by dawn
We've been drifting around
The Reds have heard our song
Here in the sky we belong
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

"WOULD YOU?"

If in this area there were but you,
And you were sure nobody knew, Would you?

And if the sky was good and black,
And you could drop without the flak, Would you?

And on this road were armoured cars,
And you could stay up and strafe the stars, Would you?

And then when over and you debrief
Weave tales of valor beyond belief, Would you?

Hell! Who wouldn't?

"ODE TO THE 8TH"

When you get on the deck
You will likely view
Many guns whose presence where
Will be a shock to you.
But don't look surprised,
Don't even stare.
Doutless, many gooks will be
Surprised to find you there.

(11)

T-33 SPECIAL

Down on the runway
When I pulled up my gear
Is one of the reasons
That I'm leaving here

For coming is a pleasure
And parting is greif
But a chopped up pilot
Has no place in FEAF

They will write you al etter
And take all your dough
You'll never escape them
Though to Chitese you go.

But I will be flying
In my blue "84"
And we'll drive all your pilots
Bak to Honshu shores.

So when you are airborne
Keep yours eyes on alert
For the way we will wip you
Your pride will be hurt.

So farewell dear brothers
And farewell dear friends
We'll fight for the 508th
Till the bitter end.

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

"After the mission's over
After we all get back
We get interrogated
How did you dodge the flak?
How were the commy fighters?
What time was tally he?
Have you any old B-----?
If not, then you may go.
We like this locomotice
We think it handles swell
We like to fly this weather
We're all as nuts as hell.
We like this bomber pattern
But the peel off's safer way
Level your wings on the crosswing
Or you'll hear the Colonel say
Potts broke the regulations
Don Sharpe used poor technique
Taylor you had your head up
We'll have a short critique
Who didn't complete their mission
Coleman, you will report
Why, with only one wing off
You had to abort?

"BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC"

There was a young pilot into Sidney did stroll,
He had just come back²from a raid on Rabaul
When an old M.P. sargeant said, "Pardon me please
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees".
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees.

Now listen here sargeant, you bloody damn fool,
I've just come back from a raid on Rabaul.
Where ack-ack was flying and comforts were few
And brave men were dying for b----- like you.
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.
And brave men were dying for b----- like you.

The old M.P. sargeant said pardon sir
On you Lt. I intended no blur.
But the girls here in Sidney are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees.
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees.

Now listen her sargeant, you bloody damn fool,
The girls here all know I'm just back from a raid on Rabaul.
I'll wine 'em and dine 'em and out we will go
And out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.
And out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes.

Now this young pilot picked up a girl
He wined her and dined her and gave her a whirl
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes
She felt ~~so sorry~~ so sorry she took off her clothes.
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes

Now one year later this pilot was home
He got a letter saying, What's to be done?
This little b----- that you gave me
He just sits around and he wets on my knee.
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.
He just sits around and he wets on my knee.

The young pilot wrote back with this sad advise
Your son won't mine but he sure would be nice
If he didn't sit around on your knee and brawl
He'd be a bigger damn fool than ever went to Rabaul.
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.
He'd be a bigger damn fool than ever went to Rabaul.

AIR CORPS LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the dyas of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly,
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell.

Chorus: Glory-----Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
F The Air Force's gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong.
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.
The Air Force's gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-Jets when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name.
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame.
Their spirit's shot to hell.

Chorus:

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody , dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their Technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we cannot fly for hell.

Chorus:

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wing of polished steel
The purring of your 51 was a song your heart could feel.
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal
And it won't climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's shot to hell.

Chorus:

RECCY TO PYONGYANG

It's long, hard road on reccy to Pyøngyang
And the flak was bursting high,
And the F-84's and the F-86's,
They were guarding us high in the sky.
We were half way between old Seoul and Koesong
When all hell broke loose in the blue,
'Cause the Migs had spotted us from five o'clock under,
And they came up to see what they could do.

Now the first pass was made on the ~~1/2~~ old 56th,
Colonel David was in the lead.
Oh, he mopped and he moaned and he mopped and he groaned,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So the Colonel he called to his brave navigator,
Said, "Give me a heading home",
But the navigator with his hand on the rip cord
Said, "Hey, boy yo u're going home alone".

So the Colonel called to his brave bombardier,
Said, "Give me a heading home",
But the bombardier had already shuttled
There was silence on the Colonel's interphone.

So ~~1/2~~ at twenty-two thousand he chewed on his candy,
And he mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped.
Oh, he mopped and moaned and he mopped and he groaned,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So, with four engines feathered he glided into safety
At the runway of his home base,
And it's with great pride that he tells this story
With a mop-eating grin on his face...mop, mop!

"FLASH, BAM, ALAKAZAM"

I was flying along minding my business
When out of a star studded sky
Flash, Bam, Alakazam
Boy! Did the flak fly by.

I was stooging along fat, dumb and happy
When something went whizzing by
Flash, Bam, Alakazam
Fighters! All over the sky.

Now I'm back on the ground drinking my whiskey
Here at the club I belong
Flash, Bam, Alakazam
Boy! But this punch is strong.

HALLELUJAH!

Oh, If took off clear the the runway and headed for a ditch,
 I looked down at my prop; My God, it's in high pitch!
 I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air.
 Glory, glory Hallelujah! How did I get there?

Chorus: Oh Hallelujah, Oh, Hallelujah!
 Throw a nickle on the grass; save a fighter pilot's life
 Oh Hallelujah, oh, Hallelujah!
 Throw a nickle on the grass and you'll be saved.

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked just right,
 I turned onto the final, my God, I racked it tight!
 The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave,
 May Day! May Day! Colonel Schilling! Spin instructions, please.

Chorus:

I started in a loop; I thought that I was clear.
 I pulled up under; I thought the end was near.
 I met the flying beard, and they gave me the works.
 Glory, Glory Hallelujah! What a bunch of ~~fifly~~ jerks.

Chorus:

I started on my take-off, I thought the flaps were down
 But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground.
 The general he smiled, he thought it was great fun
 Then I faced Colonel Schilling-----Chitose here I come.

Chorus:

And now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer,
 With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near.
 Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst;
 Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse!

Chorus:

The boys up from Misawa, think they are so hot
 They brag about the "bluetails" that they've often shot
 One thing they don't remember- when ever they holler and hoo
 Is to look into their mmirror, just before they shoot.

Chorus:

I hear we're leaving Japan, they say we're going home
 They tell us no more wandering, Never more we'll roam.
 But the Colonels up at Offutt, are plannign on the sly
 Just where they're gonna send us on our next TDY.

LATE IN THE EVENING

It was a cold winter evening, the gang was all leaving,
O'Reilly was closing the bar.
When he turned and said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
Ooh, she shed a big tear in her bucket of beer,
And thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper, stepped out of thephone booth,
And here are the words that he said?
"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know.
About the ways of Air Force men and how they come and go.
She's lost her youth and beauty and life has dealt her a blow!!!.gad
what a gash.
But remember your mothers and sisters, boys.....
If there is roooooooooooooom."

A SLEEPY LATRINE

A sleepy latrine, a pastoral scene, and two at a basin
The job isn't fun, the mirror is one you can't see your face in.
The lighting is bad, it's driving you mad, that's half of it, brother
The farther you go, the first thing you know,
You're shaving each other.

A sleepy latrine, where we all convene to help stop inflation
We do our part, support and ox-cart for Korean salvation.
It's not much to give, for they gotta live
But our production would flower,
If old Harry T. would sit here with me one hour!

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, it's grand place so they say.
You never do a lick of work, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,
We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Oh, come on and join the Air Force,
And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as bid as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Army Flier,
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE (CONT'D)

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit.
You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you can not swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care.
For in about two minutes, Mac, Another pari you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and ~~you~~ you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, then you meet a joker, he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly aching and calling and callin' the beggar names.
Just push ~~the~~ your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find
There ~~is~~ ain't no hell and all is well, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn,
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind,
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

Chorus:

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a Guinea waterfall one bright and sunny day;
Beside his battered thunder jet, a young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead,
Now, listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"I'm going to a better land where everything is Bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles; and poker every night.
With not a single thing to do but sit around and sing;
Where all our crews are women-----Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh, death where is ~~not~~ thy sting, sting a ling
Oh, death where is thy sting,
The bells of hell will ring a ling a ling
For you but not for me.